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NATIONAL REVIEW

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF OPINION

The Picket Line: Appeal to Prejudice

GODFREY P. SCHMIDT

Czar of Britain's Proletariat

COLM BROGAN

How Not to Write on Economics

LEOPOLD KOHR

Articles and Reviews by · · · · · · L. BRENT BOZELL
FORREST DAVIS · FINIS FARR · MORRIE RYSKIND
E. v. KUEHNELT-LEDDIHN · MURRAY N. ROTHBARD

For the Record

The real reason why former Supreme Court Justice Stanley Reed refused to serve on the Civil Rights Commission is that there were certain questions he didn't want to answer before the Senate committee due to quiz him before ratifying his appointment, such as, how come sociological treatises of Gunnar Myrdal and Theodore Brameld were cited in the school segregation decision?

Indiana Republican leaders are trying to persuade Senator Jenner to "do a Knowland" and run for Governor of the state....Intra-party feuding in their home states is jeopardizing the political future of two prominent members of the U.S. Senate—Symington in Missouri and Watkins in Utah.

France is getting no encouragement in her unofficial inquiries about a loan from West Germany. The Germans have indicated that some economic reforms reversing the trend toward socialism should be made before any money changes hands....At least four of America's allies, Australia, Canada, New Zealand and South Africa, have protested the U. S. policy of distributing free one quarter of our annual agricultural produce around the world....Charles B. Schuman, head of the Farm Bureau, calls federal holdings of over $7 billion in crop surpluses an index of America's drift toward socialism. The government, he said, is replacing private selling agencies and fixing prices.

A report that U.S. intelligence knew a Communist agent was plotting against the life of the late President Armas of Guatemala, yet failed to alert him, has Latin American diplomats seething....Guatemala's Provisional President Flores reports he "found not one shred of evidence of Communist agitation" in a recent 300-mile trip through the country.

Premier Gomulka says his country has a new economic problem: too much money and too few goods. The proposed solution: forced savings....Legal experts say if you find one of the Russian "Sputniks" or rocket carriers in your back yard you can keep it. The proposal to give the U.S. legal custody over objects dropped from outer space is bogged down between the Pentagon and Congress, and the natural law....According to its own figures, the membership of Italy's Communist Party—still Western Europe's largest—is off 15 per cent this year. The CP has half a million fewer members today than at its 1954 peak.

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The WEEK

● The recent AFL-CIO convention disposes of one widely-cherished illusion: that organized labor can be counted on, in the pinch, for responsible economic statesmanship. This *is* the pinch. Virtually everyone is agreed that a critical economic year is ahead of us, and that during that year it is vital to hold the price line. The nation needed assurances that labor was prepared to go along by postponing fresh wage increase demands until a shaky economy stabilizes, and sufficient savings begin to work their way back into capital expansion. Labor let the country down—by confining its program to this or that variant of the theme laid down by Sam Gompers: More.

● Secretary of Labor James P. Mitchell is doing his best to rob the Republican Party of its most promising issue, which is that of labor-law reform. At the AFL-CIO convention he outlined a mild proposal for more complete reports on union finances and the disposition of welfare funds, but said nothing about the need for mitigating the unions' monopolistic power to fix both wages and, indirectly, prices over wide segments of industry, or of the unions' continuing circumvention of laws intended to regulate political activities. The unions greeted Mr. Mitchell's proposal with vast relief. They had been fearing what they deserve.

● As witness after witness paraded before the McClellan Committee to report threats, beatings and violence of every kind during a four year long reign of terror by the Teamsters' Union in Tennessee, the question naturally arose: where was the law all that time? The Committee got an answer last week from Davidson County Sheriff Tom Cartwright. What excuse did he have for failing to furnish police protection in labor disputes? "Possibly, you might say self-preservation," was the answer. Shouldn't these famous laws everybody says we're going to get on protecting union funds come *after* appropriate laws protecting *people* from union violence?

● We are always amused by what one might call the "admirability" of powerful men. The current issue of *Esquire* reports that the man Ogden Reid II, boss of the *Herald Tribune*, "*most* admires" is President Eisenhower, and that the man he *second* most admires is Richard Nixon. Two bits the man he third most admires is the speaker of the House of Representatives—that *is* the way the Presidential Succession Act goes, isn't it?

● As to whether Richard Nixon has Grown in Stature during the last year, we have no settled opinion, but we get a horselaugh out of the people who, having in the last couple of weeks come to actuarially-based conclusions about where the power is likely to be some day very soon, have all of a sudden spotted the Great Statesman in the man they've been kicking around so unmercifully during the past five years. If NATIONAL REVIEW were Vice President these days, we bet they'd think *we* had grown in stature during the last year.

● The collapse of Vanguard has been sufficiently moaned over at this point, and our gagmen rose nobly to the challenge by denominating it, variously, Flopnik, Kaputnik, Stayputnik, Pfffftnik and Poopootnik. The political gagsters took a bow too, by calling it The Civil Servant—You Can't Fire It, and It Won't Work. Let's let well enough alone, and say simply, Yes, we agree the handling of the thing was maladroit. But the essential failing, surely, was that of the scientists in charge. It was they, presumably, who told the Defense Department the thing would certainly go off. Could it be that scientists are fallible? Or is it just panic that makes us say such a thing . . .

● If the suit brought by thirteen teamsters to prevent President-elect James Hoffa from taking office is to be successfully concluded, the Teamsters Rank and File Committee (Room 504, 50 East 42nd Street, New York 17, New York) must receive $200,000 in contributions immediately. The money will not be spent on lawyers' fees: Godfrey Schmidt, well known to our readers, and his partner Thomas J. Dodd, Democratic candidate for the Senate from Connecticut in 1956, are donating their valuable time to the development of the case, and have shouldered most of the expenses to date. The money will mostly be spent in bringing to Washington, and there feeding and housing, the two to four hundred witnesses—members of the Teamsters' Union—who have the courage to testify to the effect that the convention which elected Hoffa was rigged. Many witnesses and prospective witnesses have already lost their jobs for defying the union's bosses. If, through lack of public support, Hoffa becomes President of the Teamsters' Union, we neither envy the fate of the insurrectionists, nor expect that the rank and file in other boss-ridden unions will soon again follow their example.

● We appeal to the Supreme Court for clarification. Last week the Court upheld the right of state courts to prohibit strikers from "threatening, intimidating or coercing" non-striking employees. But on the very same day, it upheld as "peaceful" the picketing of the Rainfair, Inc. plant in Wayne, Arkansas. The

strikers at Wayne are developing all kinds of enterprising techniques to discourage non-strikers. The one who especially caught our eye (Watch that boy, Walter. He's a comer. If he continues to show such talent, and work hard, you might pick him up for the big leagues, and send him over to Kohler, Wisconsin) was the man who tossed a live snake into a roomful of non-striking women. But that, it turns out, is neither threatening, intimidating nor coercive behavior. We assume the snake was non-poisonous, of course. Next time around, perhaps the striker can toss in a little Arkansas rattler—a fairly certain means, we would say, of reducing the ranks of non-strikers. Provided one of the people who gets bitten is a Communist, the Supreme Court might come through and declare that snake-tossing, in a labor dispute, is *infra dig.*

● Soviet officials have announced that next year they will allow foreign residents to visit Siberia. Yes, but when do you suppose they will allow Siberian residents to visit Russia?

● In order not to handicap its legal position in this country, the U.S. Communist Party did not publicly sign the recent Moscow manifesto of the world's Communist organizations. To make sure that the omission would not be misunderstood by any of the faithful, William Z. Foster, the Party's chairman, has published in the Soviet Party magazine, *Kommunist,* a pledge of American Communists' absolute loyalty to all things done or undone by the Kremlin, past, future or to come. We are glad to learn that Comrade Foster's health, which for six years has been so grievously imperiled as to keep him from trial under a federal indictment, does not interfere with his professional labors.

● President Nasser has vowed to keep Egypt free of all foreign influence by building a socialist society in his country. Proving, of course, his loyalty to that old native Pharaoh, Karl Marx.

● We wish to call our readers' attention to a brilliant analysis by Sidney Hook of Justice Black's opinion, for the Supreme Court majority, in Koenigsberg *vs.* California—the case through which the Court compelled California to admit Koenigsberg to the state bar, even though he refused to tell the bar examiners whether he had been a Communist Party member or to answer questions concerning abundant evidence of his Communist activities. Professor Hook's commentary, under the title, "Justice Black's Illogic," can be obtained by sending 25¢ for the December 2 issue of *The New Leader,* 7 East 15th Street, New York 3, N.Y. If enough requests are received, reprints will be made.

● A friend who makes regular calls on scientists in the universities tells us there is a good deal of resistance among physicists, chemists and the like to taking jobs with the government. But not, as the Liberals never tire of telling us, because of Joe McCarthy's ghost. The reason is much simpler: it's that old devil "economic determinism." In Washington a scientist is hired for the "duration of the project," but in a university he is hired for life.

● In its last issue NATIONAL REVIEW presented documented proof that the Administration, presumably as part of a political deal that started with his switch to the Republican side in the 1956 election, had called off an income-tax grand jury investigation of Representative Adam Clayton Powell, Jr. that was leading, in the belief of those conducting it, straight to indictment and probable conviction. Neither Representative Powell nor his associates nor the officials of the Justice and Treasury Departments have been able to challenge a word of our account. The newspaper reporters who have been probing the charges since publication have met a silence or buck-passing runaround that offers additional and conclusive confirmation of their accuracy and significance.

●You take Charles Addams, we'll take Tillman Durdin, *New York Times* correspondent in Jakarta, who recently penned this gruesome nugget: "The strike also brought about a new splurge of anti-Dutch sign-painting on the walls and windows of Dutch establishments. Many signs said: 'Drive the Dutch from West Irian (New Guinea),' 'Kill the Dutch,' and 'We want to fry your children.' The sign-painting was carried out in a generally cheerful spirit." What do you suppose the Indonesians would be like when hilarious?

● Too many young conservatives tend to subsist on clichés and solecisms. It is a relief to see the spirited and literate *Harvard Fortnightly* which a group of Harvard undergraduates are publishing, writing, editing, copyreading, and financing. The first two issues are vigorous and intelligent, and just iconoclastic enough to question such unquestionables as the scholarship of Arthur Schlesinger Jr. We commend the periodical to other students and to other students' parents, and look forward to seeing it regularly. It is available for an entire year for only $3.50, from Eliot House K-42, Cambridge 38, Mass.

● Memo to Ex-Secretary of the Treasury George Humphrey: (*lines written on beholding the Dow-Jones Average at twilight*) Our crew-cut has been acting peculiarly of late. What was it you said we were going to have, which was going to make our hair do what?

Memo to the President at Paris

There was a little man
and he had a little gun,
And his bullets were made
of lead, lead, lead . . .
The drake was a-swimming
with his curly little tail;
The little man made it
his mark, mark, mark;
He let off his gun
but he fired too soon,
And away flew the drake
with a quack, quack, quack.

The "trigger" problem—which is what will most preoccupy Western statesmen in Paris—is as old as Mother Goose. The little gun is now atomic, the drake is the Soviet Union, and the problem less likely to be firing too soon than too late.

Our task is somehow to get across to the Europeans the fact that the price of firing the gun too late is incalculable.

Our European allies have every right to insist upon full prior discussion of the *conditions* in which the trigger will be pulled; to urge upon us the need for maximizing our intelligence facilities (thus reducing the likelihood of error) and for placing in command posts abroad men of mature judgment and experience (thus minimizing the probability of hot-headed decisions); to remind us of the tragic consequences, for us as well as them, that would ensue upon premature pulling of the trigger. They do *not* have a right to ask us to ignore the far more tragic consequences that would ensue upon failure to pull it soon enough, or to withdraw from the men who must ultimately pull it the capacity to decide—immediately, and on the spot—whether the stipulated conditions have been met. If and when the time comes, the decision whether to pull the trigger must not be considered as matter for debate.

For Robert Is An Honorable Man

We will not let up on Robert Oppenheimer until others do. This week we make a simple observation directed to Dr. Oppenheimer, and inspired, more or less, by his election to France's Legion of Honor.

Dr. Edward Teller is the victim of a scurrilous campaign of defamation by partisans of Dr. Oppenheimer. His crime is that he fought *for* the development of the hydrogen bomb while Oppenheimer opposed it, and that he recounted this fact to the Gray Board, which was set up to inquire into Oppenheimer's reliability. We quoted last week a public reference to Dr. Teller's putative jealousy of Oppenheimer as the motive behind Teller's testimony before the Gray Board. This week, as the drive to rehabilitate Oppenheimer continues to pick up steam, several references were dropped here and there reflecting on the integrity of Dr. Teller. Dr. Teller is plainly due to suffer more for telling the truth than Oppenheimer for telling lies.

There is one man who can put a stop to all this. All that is needed is a simple statement something like this: "In testifying before the Gray Board, Dr. Teller did his duty as an American citizen. He correctly reported the facts. Nothing he did can reasonably be assumed to have been done out of an animus against me, and I deplore insinuations to the contrary." Signed: J. Robert Oppenheimer, Member, Legion of Honor.

New York? What's That?

As to the dramatic strike of subway motormen which has devastated New York, let us note three things. The first is that the striking motormen, though they have acted in defiance of the law and should be duly punished, are fighting for something which is not inconsistent with the public interest. They are fighting to retain their own small union of subway car operators, to resist annexation by Mike Quill's sprawling Transport Workers Union.

For its own administrative convenience, the City's Transit Authority has insisted that all subway men be represented by a single union—which means in practical import Quill's union. Mike Quill supports the Transit Authority, naturally, because, as ever, he is out to aggrandize his own fief. But the subway motormen, confronting the same problem that has led to frequent strikes of skilled workers in Britain during recent years, take the position—and evidently are prepared to go to jail for it—that they, not Mayor Wagner, not the Transit Authority, not Mike Quill, not the efficiency experts, have the right to decide what kind of a union is going to represent them. Their decision—to retain their small, independent craft union—is refreshing and healthy in an age of leveling centralization, as is any movement in the direction of diffusing labor and industrial power. It may be "efficient" to concentrate bargaining power in fewer and fewer hands; but efficiency is not the highest good.

Another point is that a few workers—subwaymen, in this case—ought not to play with such big chips. The head of a small union of subwaymen cannot be allowed to up his bid at the bargaining table by tossing New York into the kitty. In this particular case the subwaymen acted illegally under New York's

Condon-Wadlin law, so they will be punished; in other cases, as for example when Mike Quill immobilizes the city from time to time by strikes against the privately owned bus companies, the strikers perform no illegality; but New York suffers just as much. No solution has yet been advanced (there is no easy solution) for the vexed problem, What can a free society heavily dependent on a few central industries and services do to protect itself against the disastrous consequences of strikes in strategic industries?

And finally: those familiar with the liberties Mike Quill has taken over the years with the commonweal, which means at least ten million people, should get after him to can all the talk about civic responsibility. As long as Quill is in the act, what striker will take these appeals seriously?

South Seas Paradise Lost

We will not, in the ensuing three hundred words, solve the Indonesian crisis. We do not know how to solve it; and if anyone does, we'd appreciate hearing from him. But as the lush islands in the South Seas dissolve into chaos, we find ourselves reflecting on some of the causes of the disaster.

What we now call "Indonesia" is not and has never been a nation. It is an artificial aggregate produced by the fortunes of war, the anti-colonial fetishism of the United States, the weakness of Holland, and the ravenous ambitions of local revolutionaries.

Sukarno and his associates, lacking the numbers, training, resources and humility required to build a true polity, have tried, in alliance with the Communists, to impose a Javanese imperialism and a semi-totalitarian Popular Front on the loose Indonesian federation. The outlying islands (Sumatra, Borneo, Celebes, the Moluccas) and much of the army have resisted. The United States, with its genius for backing the wrong horse, has consistently and strongly supported Sukarno: that is, has supported the leader whose policy can have no other outcome than a Communist takeover of the shattered fragments of the abortive Republic.

Faced with general disintegration, Sukarno a few weeks ago played his last card in a desperate attempt to rally all the islands and all classes around his regime. Whipping up a demand for the primitive, almost uninhabitable western half of New Guinea, still under Dutch rule, he called for reprisals against the 46,000 Dutch citizens who live in Indonesia, and against their business interests, foundation of the Indonesian economy. The Communists, leaping at the opening, led the workers into direct seizures of Dutch banks, factories, shipping and plantations. These emergent "Soviets" compete with Sukarno for primacy. To forestall both the Communists and Sukarno, army commanders in some areas, following the example of the anti-Communist Colonel Simbolon in Sumatra, are carrying out their own preventive seizures of Dutch properties, and setting up virtually independent rule in the outlying islands.

Meanwhile the world watches with a kind of dreary lassitude this rushing descent into an insane anarchy. No strong arm, no indignant voice even, is raised to defend the violated rights, the ravaged property, the lost homes, the ruined careers, and the threatened lives of the 46,000. No Western state and no Western leader makes even a perfunctory move to prevent these islands athwart the great highway of the Southern oceans from falling into the hands of the enemy.

Blood is ahead. These actions against the Dutch will complete an economic and fiscal collapse that was already far advanced. As the Communists move toward power under the cover provided by Sukarno's policy, open civil war and the revolt of the outlying islands, headed by Sumatra, is almost certain. If we are not prepared to support the anti-Communist commanders who have sworn to fight to the end against Communist rule, we might, as a moderate minimum, stop sending the Sukarno-Communist alliance the guns with which to shoot them.

The Wound Is Internal

The new French Government of Félix Gaillard is proving as powerless as its predecessors to heal the Algerian wound. As in the years of the Vietnam "dirty war," before that eastern limb of the French political organism was so painfully hacked off, the nation's blood and substance drain hopelessly away.

The wounds in the Asian and African extremities are not, however, the critical lesion. This lies deep within the trunk, the guts, of France, not touched by the costly military surgery that has been so vainly lavished in Africa as in Asia. If France were whole within, the fanatic revolutionists of the Algerian National Liberation Front, like the Vietnamese dissidents before them, might have been dealt with through one or another combination of firmness and conciliation. But no French government can adopt a firm or conciliatory or any coherent external policy, because internally a fourth of the nation has seceded, under the Communist banner, and a large portion of the remainder has withdrawn into a moral nihilism. How can a French government order the Afro-Asian provinces when it is plunged in disorder at home? Why should French rule be accepted by Algerians who see that Frenchmen do not accept it?

As a French solution to the North African crisis is proved to be impossible, there follows the same

effect as when a French solution to the Vietnamese crisis was proved impossible. To forestall the flow from Moscow, American power is sucked ineluctably into the geopolitical vacuum. *Therefore*, the visit of Morocco's King Mohammed V to Washington. And *therefore*, the direct American political entry into Algerian affairs that will, almost inevitably, take place tomorrow.

Tito Won't Play

Yugoslavia's Marshal Tito suddenly announces that he won't take any more of our arms. Maybe a few spare parts and ammunition, but no planes, no tanks, no cannon. And the resultant groans do not come exclusively from dismayed Tito-lovers in the State Department and CIA.

It happens that military aid is by far the most respectable method for dumping obsolescent armament, and thereby getting the perfect excuse for upgrading your own hardware with the very latest models. And while it is nicest when the old guns go to someone who is pretty sure not to shoot them in your direction, you can't be too critical of a foreign-aid customer.

Again for example: last year's figures for Yugoslavia included, along with $15 million worth of machinery, tools and technical salaries, some *$98 million in agricultural products.*

But for the obsolescent arms surplus and the obsolescent food surplus, Congress would never have voted a dime of aid for Tito. In fact foreign aid would have been limited to a few desperate special cases tied immediately to our own national security, like South Korea and Formosa. But when the farmers of his home state, *and* the Department of Agriculture, *and* the Pentagon are on his neck, what can a poor Congressman do but go along with the Titophiles and globalists who furnish the public ideology by which he can solve his practical problem?

The Veil Begins to Lift

Through the initiative of *U.S. News & World Report* a small hole has opened in the tight security blanket that the "modern" Supreme Court has thrown over its operations. In a carefully understated article Mr. William H. Rehnquist, who was "law clerk" to Justice Robert H. Jackson in 1952-53, has disclosed some of the ways in which the dozen and a half bright young law school graduates who serve as the Court brain trust influence the trend of Court decisions.

Mr. Rehnquist notes, for example, that the Court reviews less than 10 per cent of the petitions submitted to it. The decision as to which cases deserve a hearing is based upon summaries and *recommendations* prepared by the clerks. "During my time," writes Mr. Rehnquist, "the majority of Justices delegated substantial responsibilities to their clerks in the digesting of these petitions. . . . Sheer pressure of time prevents a Justice from personally investigating every point involved."

But can the clerk "consciously or unconsciously slant the result of this process"? Mr. Rehnquist prudently dismisses "conscious" slanting. But as for "unconscious slanting of material by clerks" he cannot, he says, give the clerks a "clean bill of health."

What direction does the slanting take, in Mr. Rehnquist's experience? "The bias of the clerks, in my opinion, is not a random or hit-and-miss bias. From my observation . . . the political and legal prejudices of the clerks were by no means representative of the country as a whole nor [even] of the Court which they served . . .

"It is . . . fair to say that the political cast of the clerks as a group was to the 'left' of either the nation or the Court.

"Some of the tenets of the 'liberal' point of view which commanded the sympathy of a majority of the clerks I knew were: extreme solicitude for the claims of Communists and other criminal defendants, expansion of federal power at the expense of state power, great sympathy toward any government regulation of business—in short, the political philosophy now espoused by the Court under Chief Justice Earl Warren."

Last July, in motivating NATIONAL REVIEW's proposal for a congressional investigation of the Court, James Burnham suggested: "As directly relevant to such an inquiry the investigative committee would presumably wish to discover the way in which the staffs of the Supreme Court and the inferior courts are selected, the functions of 'law secretaries' and other aides of the judges, the exact manner in which decisions are being prepared and written—and by whom."

These glimpses of light flashed by Mr. Rehnquist focus anew the need for the kind of searching investigation that only a committee of Congress, backed by the power of the legislature, can conduct.

Our Contributors: COLM BROGAN ("Bevan, Czar of Britain's Proletariat") was the editor of *Individualism*, organ of the British Society for Individual Freedom. He is the author of several books, among them *Our New Masters*, a study of the British socialist government of 1945.

Last week, in error, NATIONAL REVIEW attributed the review of *The Making of the Auden Canon* to R. P. Oliver. It was written by Robert Phelps.

NATIONAL TRENDS

L. BRENT BOZELL

Merry Christmas from Ike

The New Republicanism is about to fulfill the auguries of Prophet Arthur Larson, since departed, regarding the transfer of federal activities to the states. Disciple Eisenhower made the first move last June when he read a chapter of Larson's book to the Governor's Conference at Williamsburg, then ceremoniously urged the formation of a federal-state committee to recommend the relinquishment of such federal functions as "the states are ready and willing to assume." The "Joint Federal-State Action Committee" went to work with Gov. Dwinell of New Hampshire and Secretary of the Treasury Anderson acting as co-chairmen, and last week Mr. Hagerty handed reporters copies of its initial proposals. The states should take over certain federal programs on which Washington is now spending some $105 million a year, the committee said; and the federal government should credit the states with 40 per cent of its tax take on local phone calls "to assist the states in financing these responsibilities."

Pretty small change for all of that build-up, you say. Yes, and that isn't the worst of it. But before the states disparage the President's Christmas gift, let them count their blessings. In a day when total political power resides in Washington—when states' *rights* are a relic of the past, unrecognized by the federal bureaucracy and unenforceable in the federal courts—why should the states expect *anything* in their stockings? Every such concession depends on the federal bureaucracy having a generous heart, and not many bureaucrats have generous hearts. The Truman Administration didn't display any; nor did Roosevelt's. And if a hundred million or so of federal activities doesn't represent much of a change by the Eisenhower Administration—well, more may be coming when the joint committee meets again. (Three-tenths of one per cent of federal domestic spending may grow, that is, to four-tenths, or maybe even five.)

The main trouble with the committee's proposals, however, is not with their parsimony but with their unqualified acceptance of the New Republican "philosophy" regarding federal-state relations. Each recommendation (save one dealing with a phase of the atomic energy program) is prefaced by some such stop-loss assertion as: "the *primary* responsibility" for this program—*e.g.*, training of practical nurses—is "*traditionally* [not, mind you, *constitutionally*] a private, local and state matter." But in the past, the argument continues, the states fell down on the job—they did not subsidize nurses' training, or at least not adequately. So the federal government stepped in with what the committee calls "stimulative grants" to spur the states to greater effort—in 1956 the Eisenhower Administration sponsored legislation authorizing a $5 million annual grant to the states for nurses' training on a 3-1 "matching funds" basis. The committee now finds that the states have been sufficiently stimulated, and suggests they be allowed to go it alone.

This approach, let us face it, is a mixture of blackmail and bribery. Every "stimulative" usurpation of a state prerogative by the federal government is an object lesson in the wisdom of states adopting federally recommended policies; when Secretary Mitchell tells the states to enact up-to-date unemployment compensation laws or else, the states know from experience that he means business. Moreover, it is all but impossible, once the federal government moves in, for a state to refuse matching fund offers: how can a state legislator justify turning down his state's fair share of revenue collected from all of the states?

The New Republican approach is also a total repudiation of the states' rights principle. Someone should tell Mr. Eisenhower before he makes yet another declaration of faith in that principle that the Tenth Amendment recognizes the states' exclusive *jurisdiction* in certain areas. "States' rights" means that the states have a right to act *or not to act*, as they see fit, in the areas reserved to them. The states are not obliged to conform to federal standards of behavior.

Little by little, however, the states are learning to behave. The joint committee finds them qualified to take responsibility for: 1) Various "vocational education" programs—in agriculture, home economics, practical nursing, the fisheries trade and several others. 2) Local sewage projects. 3) Natural disaster relief—up to a point, that is. If damage to public facilities amounts to more than a stipulated figure, varying with each state, federal assistance should be forthcoming. 4) Slum clearance and urban renewal—though here the states have not quite made the grade. The committee's staff reported that "the states have not indicated a substantial interest in this field." Accordingly, the states are invited only to take over the planning stages of the program, leaving intact federal grants for actual slum clearance which will soon be consuming hundreds of millions annually.

Finally, the committee suggests that Congress recognize the right of the states to enforce their own health and safety standards in connection with the atomic energy program—*provided* these standards are "not in conflict with those adopted by the federal government."

Understandably, rejoicing among states rightists is not unmixed. And there are collateral reasons for doubting the seriousness of the Administration's desire to reduce federal activities in favor of the states. For example: the same issue of the *New York Times* that carried an account of the joint committee's $105 million transfer proposals reported that the Administration would spend $124 million (90 per cent of the total cost) on one short super-highway connecting the New Jersey Turnpike with surburban towns in north-central New Jersey. The reason given for federal spending: much of the traffic on the new highway will end up, via the turnpike, at the New York-New Jersey interstate line. The turnpike itself was built ten years ago entirely with New Jersey funds.

The Picket Line: Appeal to Prejudice

When you see a picket line, says the author, all you can be sure of is that you are being pressured to take sides in a quarrel not your own

GODFREY P. SCHMIDT

Modern man has come to condone and even to encourage a phenomenon which amounts to an organized invitation to meddle in fights not of his making, and only rarely involving his interest. I mean the picket line. Its chief use is in labor disputes.

The point of the union picket line is to establish a barrier to free intercourse, and it is instituted by only one of the parties to the dispute. Yet for years, everybody—doctor, lawyer and priest—has defended the picket line and tolerated its abuses.

Merely to know that there is a fight on is to know too little to judge it intelligently. Those who watched—with mixed amusement at human folly and disgust at human malice—the Communist protest, in which some non-Communist unionists joined, against Judge Harold Medina could derive from the pickets no notion of the facts and law in issue. Here was the sheerest partisanship, perversely set against the claims of fact and truth. Here was the "party line" imposed upon willing slaves, supine in body and soul before an alien juggernaut. A simple and naive faith in picketing cannot clothe such irrationality in respectability.

In 1950 a CIO union was picketing a plant in New York City. The picketers had been supplied by their union with *printed* placards reading: "[Blank for insertion of employer's name] UNFAIR TO ORGANIZED LABOR." Then came the name of the CIO union involved. When I arrived, the picket line was about three hours old, and already a number of truckmen and many other workers had refused to cross it. On examining the pickets' signs, I found that in the space intended for the employer's name the union had accidentally put its own, and was now literally picketing in protest against itself. Nevertheless, this crazy picketing was effective. For workers have been trained over the years simply not to go through picket lines. The picket line automatically triggers a built-in bias. That is all there is to it.

On another occasion, as a member of the Atomic Energy Labor Panel, I visited Paducah, Kentucky, where in a period of less than two years there had been 55 to 60 strikes and picket lines. There I saw some thirteen pickets conducting a wildcat strike, thereby preventing four or five thousand work-willing employees from reporting to work. Construction of a gaseous diffusion plant (one of the high priority jobs of the Atomic Energy Commission) was being impeded. The union leaders themselves sought in vain to persuade the workers to go through the picket line. The workers' ingrained and indiscriminate respect for any picket line prevailed: "For years you've told us: Never go through picket lines. Well, this is a picket line, isn't it? We don't go through!"

Some Odd Doings

Not many years ago the National Maritime Union was picketing ships bound to or from China because it objected to our China policy. It wanted to get the Yanks out of China! It was following the Communist line of the moment: Mao Tse-tung and his associates were simply agrarian reformers; Chiang Kai-shek was a fascist. A labor union was picketing in protest against the foreign policy of the United States.

New Yorkers remember the bizarre doings during the New York Stock Exchange strike. That unedifying spectacle presented, on one occasion, a cast of unemployed unioneers from the Seamen's International Union (AFL) who *picketed in front of the Stock Exchange by lying down prone on the sidewalk.* I recall passing by and pausing for a moment, fascinated by the sight of the sprawling, raucous goons. A cop tapped me joltingly on the shoulder: "You can't stop here. You're blocking traffic. Move along!" I, a citizen, pausing momentarily to watch the capers of a set of clowns lying on the sidewalk across the street, was blocking traffic! But the roughnecks, who were scattered like collapsed bowling pins over the sidewalk, enjoyed the immunity which cowardly legislators, judges and politicians, beguiled by the word-magic of "picket line" and "labor dispute," would not dare to restrict.

When I was Deputy Industrial Commissioner in the New York State Labor Department I was asked to conduct an investigation of Communist penetration of the Division of Placement and Unemployment Insurance. Almost immediately, the Communist-dominated Local 28 of the State, County and Municipal Workers' Union (long since, happily, defunct) promptly installed a picket line to advise the public that I was engaged in "witch hunting," "union busting," "anti-Semitism" and a variety of other sloganized iniquities. In handbills I was represented as "Herr Doktor Schmidt, the Nazi agent." Telegrams invited Governor Lehman "to give Schmidt the gate." It was all "peaceful" picketing, but there were the repeated lies and deliberate misrepresentations which constitute the typical Communist techniques of provocation, harassment and character assassination.

One of the International Longshoremen's locals, some years ago, refused to unload Russian furs from a ship recently in from the USSR. It looked like a patriotic gesture, but several years later the New York State Crime Commission investigated and revealed the true objective of this "labor dispute": the bribe usually forthcoming from management to the union leaders had not,

in this particular case, been put up. The furs were obediently unloaded when the proper bribe had been paid.

The Organizational Picket

In New York City some unions organize *employers* rather than *employees*. The procedure is as follows: An observant labor leader will notice that a sign outside a construction site announces (for example) that "within three months X Restaurant will open on this site." Operating on the principle of first come, first served, the leader visits the management, introduces himself as an organizer from the Y Union, and demands "precontract" recognition; or, more often, a full labor contract. The amazed employer-to-be suggests that the union wait until employees are hired; and that, before demanding recognition, the union first organize the employees! But the union organizer has no intention of doing any such thing. He has facilities for supplying all the needed workers. Unless management is willing to recognize his union *now*, the restaurant will be picketed—either immediately (during building operations) or on the day it is opened.

In the Aesopian language of labor leaders such a picket line is quaintly called "organizational." Actually, it is a line which puts the screws on the employer in order to force *him* to do *their* organizing.

I recall one case where two unions each demanded recognition of the owner of a diner before the diner was constructed and before a single employee was hired. One of the union leaders warned the official of the diner corporation that if the other union were recognized he would file "unfair" labor practice charges against the management. What is actually unfair—illegal—is for management to force its employees into a union not of their own free choice. Yet all "organizational" picket lines inevitably exert pressure on management to take measures which only the workers have a legal right to decide. In other words, the organizational picket line has an unlawful objective, as the fairer judges are beginning to realize.

Anyone even slightly familiar with current events knows that the appearance of a picket line often serves to halt or seriously curtail business operations, because of the reluctance of employees to cross the picket line of any union, whether it represents them or not. This is based upon labor solidarity or class consciousness, prejudice and biased prejudgment. It operates more as a fetish or a fear than an argument. It is the "compulsive aspect" of the picket line to which the Supreme Court of the United States has referred.

Professor Sylvester Petro of New York University puts it cogently: picketing can be classed as "persuasion" only if you define as "persuasive" every kind of non-violent pressure to action. By such a definition, an employer's threat to discharge an employee for union activity is a form of "persuasion"! Picketing amounts to precisely the same general kind of economic pressure as an employer's threat (now generally banned as unlawful) to discharge or lay off employees for union activities. By endangering the health or economic survival of a business, "organizational" picketing necessarily imperils the jobs of its employees. It is shocking to call such threats "persuasion."

The result of the "organizational" picket line was easy to foresee. A gangster simply styles himself a labor leader. No qualifications of any kind are required under the law. He can get literally anyone to picket for him. He can pick an employer who is particularly vulnerable to a picket line; whose business might literally fold up as soon as the line is formed.

Irresponsible Use of Power

A picket line is a form of stigmatization based on an appeal to dubious faith, rash judgment or prejudice. The pickets are there to abuse, and often to terrorize, anyone who dares to cross their line. Unless there is violence of a conspicuous type, the employer is without the help of any court of equity. He cannot, ordinarily, get an injunction. Indeed, even after prolonged, repeated and serious violence judges are hard to persuade that an injunction should issue. Thus any gangster, in the name of unionism (*vide* the "paper" locals of Johnny Dio), can close an honest man's business, and the latter must grin and bear it as long as the picketing is "peaceful."

Here indeed is an example of the irresponsible use of power by labor unions which the McClellan Committee is supposed to be concerning itself with.

Sometimes two unions assert with equal vehemence that they have the support of the majority of the workers in a given plant. The picketing that results from such a controversy can be confusing indeed. The employer is supposed to recognize only the union supported by the majority of his workers. Obviously the question which union has majority support can never be settled by litigation, picket lines or even negotiation; the only sound way of deciding is by secret and free election.

Illegal Violence

A number of years ago a Communist-dominated union picketed the offices of Western Union in one of our largest cities. At the picket line a sound truck spewed out, among other things, reflections on the chastity of any woman who dared to go through the line. Even though there was no physical violence, the abusive language used was an incitement to violence. Afterwards this same picket line degenerated into mass picketing and actual violence. People were physically prevented, by the locked-arms technique, from going through the line.

To be sure, violence and mass picketing are illegal in theory. In practice, the supineness of labor boards, law enforcement officers and, sometimes, of judges gives them all the advantages of legality. That is why, in large strikes, it is only a matter of time before the police must be called into action if the employer is to continue his operations. And that, in turn, is why large companies, whenever there is a strike, simply close down in order to avoid the inevitable violence.

I recall one case in Westchester County, New York, where a teamsters' union was picketing a hardware and paint wholesaler. A whole series of violent acts, including the kidnapping of a truck driver and the dumping of his truck into the Hudson River, took place during the organizing campaign. Under police observation the picket lines were lawful. But at one point, when the

police were absent, sixty automobile tires were gouged with icepicks, the electric wiring on five trucks was pulled out or otherwise damaged, and the gas tanks in half a dozen were filled with shellac and sand.

When the company applied for an injunction against the offending union, to which it was entitled under appropriate provisions of the State Anti-Injunction Act, its plea was denied. The judge based his ruling on a technicality: the complaint had failed to allege that an effort at arbitration had been made.

John L. Lewis had a controversy, several years ago, with the Coal Mines Administrator, Harvey Collison. A strike was called in order to "settle" just one basic question: When did the contract between the parties terminate? The strike, and attendant picket line, were supposed to settle that issue!

When Not to be Neutral

When you see a picket line, all, absolutely all, it is possible to tell is that there is discord of some kind. You can also be sure that *those who established the picket line want you to take sides—their* side. There is always some one-sided pronouncement, usually general and vague, about the nature of the dispute involved. That is all. You—the impartial observer—cannot do what the picketers urge you to do simply on their say-so. If you want to be just, you cannot act merely on the basis of the information conveyed by the picket signs.

This raises a fundamental question. By what right do parties to such a dispute imperiously demand that *you*, a neutral, take sides—their side? There is manifest presumptuousness in the demand that I take sides in labor disputes—which are usually complicated affairs—especially on such paltry and partisan evidence as the picket line commonly provides.

There are some labor disputes in which one should intervene because the issues at stake are of acknowledged public concern. Where Communism is involved, for example, it is everybody's duty to take sides—the anti-Communist side. The same is true with respect to racketeers. A fight by unionists against Communists or racketeers within their union is, I think, always our fight.

I have not mentioned Communism with the purpose of indicating that it provides the only illustration of my point. Such issues as Communism or racketeering are rarely raised by union picket lines. Most of the disagreements between management and unions that result in strikes and picket lines are about issues on which reasonable men may reasonably differ. To dragoon or conscript neutrals to take sides in such matters is, in my view, impudent. It is an affront to one's legitimate desire not to meddle. The very people who argue the right to silence before a legitimate authority such as a congressional committee usually deny the right to be neutral before the mandate of self-appointed pickets.

That is why I say that the *average* picket line is irrational. This is not the same as saying that picketing ought to be abolished by law. We can't enjoy freedom if laws rigidly regulate or ban all our foibles. But I do decidedly think that picketing, as commonly practiced, is an irrational foible. I nurse the hope that a more enlightened public opinion will some day react against it, to the extent, at least, of banning all violence and excess and confining picketing to disputes not amenable to the judicial process.

Today we look back on trial by ordeal, fire or poison, as primitivism. The picket line is not in a class with these. Nevertheless it is twentieth-century primitivism, and some day people will look back upon it in wondering unbelief. "Like the man who seizes a passing dog by the ears is he who meddles in a quarrel not his own" is a maxim preserved in the Book of Proverbs.

(Reprints of this article are available at 15 cents each, 100 for $10.00. Address Department R, NATIONAL REVIEW, *211 East 37th St., New York 16, N.Y.)*

Open Letter to Santa

"Tito Calls on U. S. to End Arms Aid—Washington Views Action Calmly—Economic Help Expected to Continue" —*N.Y.Times*

Dear Santa Claus:
We've been *so* good:
We've wiped our noses when we should;
When Khrushchev snarls, we're mild and meek
And let him kick our other cheek.
When he cries "Sputnik!"—the big show-off!—
We whisper "Vanguard"—which won't *go* off.

We say our prayers, chant "Eli, Eli,"
And brush our molars three times daily.
When Nehru calls us dirty names,
We know he's only playing games;
And when he throws his sticks and stones,
We simply give him bigger loans.

Our hair is combed, our shoes are shined,
Our table manners are refined.
While North Korea stocks its warheads,
We don't complain. We *won't* be soreheads.
We send our troops to Little Rock
And go to bed by eight o'clock.

So, Santa, when you ride the drifts
On Christmas Eve to leave your gifts,
Please leave one present for our tree—
And, if you love us, let it be
A note from Tito: "Hail! Good cheer!
I'll take your arms again this year!"

MORRIE RYSKIND

Letter from Asia

E. v. KUEHNELT-LEDDIHN

First Impressions

A month on the West Coast of the United States and a few days in Hawaii were a good preparation for Japan. After such gradual migration to the Orient, the Pacific appears to be a body of connecting rather than separating waters. The first and second generation Japanese farmers selling their beautifully cleaned and scrubbed products in the markets of Seattle, the Chinese shopkeepers in San Francisco's Grant Street, the isolated Hindu temples in California's hinterland, the Filipinos one encounters in Los Angeles and in Portland, are living witnesses to a purely human Asiatic *Drang nach Osten.*

Hawaii is intensely interesting because there one finds the most peaceful coexistence of practically all Pacific races, including the Polynesians. True tolerance, and intermarriage between "Caucasians," natives and Orientals—all very gifted races—have resulted in a highly intelligent and even hard-working breed, which in the future might serve as a pattern of a new racial synthesis. Remarkable is the loyalty to the United States characterizing the "Hawaiians"; and this in spite of the fact that the history of annexation of the Islands is anything but awe-inspiring. Yet there are the memories of Pearl Harbor, which have welded the Islanders together even more closely. It can easily be imagined what those hours (and even weeks and months) of common danger and fear must have meant to the Hawaiians. Yet who would dare to doubt the patriotism and heroism of the 100th Battalion, composed almost solely of Hawaii's *Nisei*? It is out of such paradoxes that America was born and will continue to astonish and impress the world.

While Hawaii is a paradise in the very heart of the salty wastes of the globe's biggest ocean, Japan shows another face to the visitor landing at Haneda Airport. It can easily be argued that "Tokyo is not Japan," but this mammoth city harbors 10 per cent of all the Japanese and there can be no doubt that Japan minus Tokyo would be another country. The drive into town from the airport leads through an ocean of poor-looking huts, a maze of wires, modest neon signs, lofts, repair shops; through a mass of teeming, mostly shabbily dressed humanity with the European-American clothing patterns strongly predominating. (A male in a kimono is a rare sight indeed.) It takes an eternity until one reaches the downtown area with its ultra-modern stores, its palaces and parks.

The writer of these lines had the great good fortune to have learned Japanese before he ever landed in the Realm of the Rising Sun, and thus to have encountered no language barrier. I studied Japanese in Europe, and one of my "teachers" was the ill-fated General Yamashita, the Lion of Singapore, who was executed as a "war criminal" in 1945, and who twenty-six years ago had been military attaché in Vienna. (His legal counsel, Frank Reed of Boston, published a spirited book laying bare the facts of his judicial murder.) Thus my general impression was that of a curious familiarity and not at all of an impenetrable strangeness.

Westernization of Japan

If one agrees that humanity is united only through a limited number of basic traits and that "the Lord our God delights in diversity," one ought not to get the surprise of one's life on entering Japan. It is true that the impact of Western civilization (especially in its American version) has been far stronger in the cities than in the rural areas, but one should never forget that the culture and civilization of modern countries are in the long run always determined by their cities. Viewed from this angle it is Western civilization which is now winning the world over and there seems to be—at this moment—nothing that can stop this phenomenal triumph. We have to ask ourselves to what extent the native anti-colonialism (apart from that brand proclaimed loudly by Washington) is also a subconscious reaction against this practically automatic Westernization, which is more profound, more effective and more "devastating" than any brutal colonial rule, and which apparently will go on and on.

This does not mean that there are no hitches in this development. One feels an unrest and an uncertainty behind this tremendous process of transformation and imitation. The West is destroying an old culture and civilization with a specific religion and a set of loyalties, and giving practically nothing in return but such frames as "democracy" or "progress," into which any sort of concrete picture can be inserted. Today there is in Japan a conscious effort to be rid of certain notions imported by the wave of leftist American re-educators, because Communism is at the door of the Realm of the Rising Sun and its poison can be resisted only if the intellectual as well as the spiritual structure of the nation is sound. There are many who would like to prescribe the "counter-poison" of nationalism, which is another kind of leftism. We have seen in French Jacobinism and German National Socialism that nationalism and the leftist ideologies can be blended into a harmonious whole, and thus we know that Japan's real problem would not be settled by a return to nationalism in the racial sense. A Christian supranational conservatism as we know it in Europe, the true opposite of all forms of "national Socialism," could hardly be imagined over here; yet the solution, nevertheless, has to be found roughly in that direction. Much of Japan's heritage must be saved and fused with the best of Western traditions.

Unless this happens, this people with such wonderful human qualities will lose its soul together with the more valuable aspects of its political genius. The efforts to remodel Japan after American patterns could easily result in a net gain for Moscow—and no wonder, since Communism is the radical synthesis of all *fausses idées claires* which have haunted our civilization for more than one hundred and fifty years.

Bevan, Czar of Britain's Proletariat

The man who may be Britain's next Foreign Minister is lively, intemperate, and thinks in Marxist clichés

COLM BROGAN

Some years before the War Lord Beaverbrook gave a lunch party at Cherkley, his country house. One of his guests was indulging in a monologue that touched on almost every element of the human condition. But he was not uninterrupted. Beaverbrook, a fanatic for fresh air, had the French window open and his dog Peter kept running into the room. Every time this happened, Beaverbrook jumped to his feet waving his napkin and shouting "Get out, Peter, get out." At last the interrupted speaker could stand no more. "Let Peter stay in" he snapped, "and get out yourself."

The speaker was Aneurin Bevan and this little anecdote illustrates some of the aspects of his complex character, his impulsiveness, his impatience, his unexpectedness and his fondness for holding the conversational fort. "I am Sir Oracle, and when I open my lips let no dog bark." It is seldom that the old phrase has been so neatly fulfilled.

Certainly Nye Bevan likes an attentive audience when he talks. I once tried to defend him to a Socialist woman M.P. who loved him not at all. "You have never seen him coming into our Party committee meeting in the Commons" she said. "It's like God making a state entrance, and if anybody dares to contradict him, it sounds like blasphemy." No doubt there was some feline exaggeration in this picture, but Nye Bevan undoubtedly has a high opinion of his own intellectual quality and he is not very good at concealing his belief that most of his colleagues could do no better than sit at his feet and listen.

This opinion is not held solely by himself. I once heard him described as one of the six best brains in Britain, but if this is indeed so then my country must be suffering from cerebral anemia. He is not even one of the best six brains in Parliament, though he has certain qualities of intuition that none of the others has. It might be unfair to compare his mental quality with that of Harold Macmillan or R. A. Butler, for these men received the most formidably effective education that Britain can provide. On the other hand, it is not unfair to point out that the young Bevan made little use of such educational opportunities as came his way. He had a year at the short-lived and heavily Marxist Labor College, but I know of no evidence that he dazzled his tutors with his aptitudes or application.

His mind is lively and various rather than deep. He behaved fully in character when he spent an evening arguing about Saint Augustine with a divinity man. He is free from the worst professional vice of British politicians, which is thinking and talking of nothing except politics and making friends only with other politicians. Nye Bevan has many friends who are interesting in their own right but may have no interest whatever in the political game. For that reason, he may sometimes be silly or even mischievous in what he says, but he is never stale.

His oratory has, I think, been overpraised. He is excellent in debate and occasionally capable of an illuminating and memorable phrase. But he is seldom able to rouse an audience to any emotion except resentful anger. Indeed, more often than not, it is the audience that moves him. As the audience warms up, the speaker warms with it until, occasionally, he is carried away and makes some disastrous gaffe. I heard him make his personal attack on Hugh Gaitskell which quite simply terrified some of his closest supporters, and I had the strong impression that he had been swept beyond the limits of discretion by his own audience.

Oratorical Excesses

It has been said that he cost the Labor Party a million votes when he said that the Tories were "lower than vermin." Outraged bank clerks, schoolteachers and grocers rushed to the polls to bear their witness against the man who had defamed them. But he had not meant to defame them. His cheering audience knew very well what he meant by "Tories." He meant the coal-owners and steel barons of his early Welsh youth, the grasping capitalists of the time, and it made no difference either to speaker or audience that these men were mostly of a long Liberal tradition. But a man really in command of himself on the platform would never have made the blunder of assuming that the whole country would understand the private language of the class-war militants.

Intemperate invective is not his only oratorical weakness. He once ended a speech by calling out, "Suffer little children to come unto me." There were tears in his eyes and for once his audience was moved to something more generous than anger, but no one seems to have noticed the unconscious blasphemy—exactly the same blasphemy as was perpetrated by Evita Perón. On another occasion, something like blasphemy

was noted and deeply resented. He assured the Party's annual conference that there was no such thing as an immaculate conception of Socialism. His long-suffering Catholic supporters turned on him at last, and he made haste to say that he had intended no offense, which was undoubtedly true. But he added that there were two meanings for the phrase, the theological meaning and a different, colloquial meaning. This explanation left me completely convinced that the student of Saint Augustine imagined that immaculate conception was the same thing as painless birth.

No Proletarian

Nye Bevan explains his political attitudes in terms of his family history. His father died early of pneumoconiosis and he spent his formative years under the shadow of vast unemployment. He is generally accepted as the typical proletarian of talent who has fought his way up, but he is not a proletarian. His family were farming folk who were forced by agricultural depression down into proletarian status in a mining village. The difference between a peasant farmer and a miner may be invisible on the American scale, but not on the British. The small farmer emphatically considers himself to be well above the proletariat; he feels he has been socially degraded when he sinks down there. Nye Bevan's social background is curiously like that of D. H. Lawrence.

It is a background which explains a good deal. Nye Bevan likes good food, good wine and good talk and will go where he finds them. If he does not advertise his social life to the Durham Miners' Rally, neither does he seek to hide it, for hypocrisy is not one of his faults. He has emotionally identified himself with the suffering poor, real or imaginary, but he has never been an egalitarian and it may well be that his admiration for the *Lumpenproletariat* is no greater than Marx's. Before the war, his own and his wife's habit of dining out earned them the nickname of "The Hunger Marchers" from unkind critics.

These critics are much less unkind today. Among his political enemies there is a growing tolerance and even liking for the man. This is partly to be explained by the alleged mellowing of his views and the undoubted mellowing of his language, but also by a growing appreciation of his better qualities. During the furious Suez controversy his behavior was impeccable. He opposed the adventure forcibly, but he took no part in the savage harrying of Anthony Eden. There were times when the House of Commons looked like a monkey house in a state of insurrection and there would have been no great surprise if some of the debates had ended in the members slugging it out on the floor of the House. During this prolonged brawl Nye Bevan went out of his way to show personal friendliness to some of the most strong-headed supporters of the Eden policy. That has been remembered.

Of his political thinking it is difficult to say much. His grasp of economics is that of a frail infant and his Marxist training at the Labor College has left an enduring mark. The "new thinkers" among the Socialist leaders now look on him as an old-fashioned fundamentalist. What he thinks of them does not emerge from his public statements, for in Socialist eyes the mortal and unforgiveable sin is to stir up any sharp controversy that might rekindle the feuds that nearly ruined the Party in the past.

Blunder on Russia

What is now important is his attitude towards foreign affairs. Some of his closest friends anticipate that if he were to become Foreign Secretary he would be much tougher with the Kremlin than any Conservative would dare to be. They believe that his rabble-rousing past would enable him to say sharp things to Russia which would be resented by the British proletariat if they came from a Conservative class enemy.

There were never any grounds for this anticipation for, when it comes to Communism, Nye Bevan has a hole in his head. He is not a Communist and, indeed, the Communist bosses regard him with strong personal dislike. But his temperament and training make it impossible for him to see the Communist threat steadily and whole. He went to Yugoslavia during the break with Stalin and reported that Tito's Communism was one of the most interesting political "mutations" of modern times. (It may be an imperfect education that gives him his fondness for pretentious boss words.) Other observers failed to see how this mutation could be of much interest to the unfortunate Yugoslavs, who were living under hardship and terror as they had before.

After he had visited Russia during Malenkov's brief reign, he announced that there could be no doubt as to who was the real leader: the other members of the collective dictatorship treated Malenkov with unmistakable deference, and Khrushchev was a man of no serious account. A blunder of such majestic dimensions might give a lesser man pause before he gave the world a further installment of his penetrating wisdom.

But not Nye Bevan. He has lectured the United States on the folly of American policies and said that Khrushchev was much the same type as an American business executive. As he made this remarkably offensive remark at Harvard it can hardly be pretended that he was carried away by his audience. Anyone who can be carried away by a Harvard audience had better bring his own stretcher.

Nye Bevan is a political Bourbon. He cannot shake off the old Socialist faith in the magic efficacy of international talks, nor can he rid himself of the notion that there must be good in a State which is based on public ownership. He has not changed, nor can he be expected to change at the age of sixty. Irascible and intolerant of those he regards as his intellectual inferiors, which is nearly everybody, he still has likable human qualities and his judgments in tactical and political domestic affairs are often startlingly shrewd. He would be less of an embarrassment if he were as wise as he thinks he is or a good deal less sharp and clever than he really is.

It is a pity that he did not work hard enough as a small boy to win a grammar school place and acquire a good orthodox education. If that had happened Ebbw Vale would likely have acquired a brilliant and useful local Councillor and the country at large would have been spared the burden of an Old Man of the Red Sea.

How Not to Write on Economics

The function of an elementary economics textbook is to deal with fundamentals; but the author shows by example how modern writers fail the test

LEOPOLD KOHR

When a colleague asked me recently what arguments I could advance against his idea of adopting for his elementary economics course Alfred Marshall's *Principles of Economics*, first published in 1890, rather than Paul Samuelson's *Economics, An Introductory Analysis*, last published in 1955 (New York: McGraw-Hill), I said: None.

Marshall now, of course, seems quite obsolete. But the point is that few texts, if any, have appeared in the last decades which could equal his volume, written more than sixty years ago. This, however, is not the main reason for the contemporary usefulness of Marshall's *Principles*. The main reason is that, though economics has in the meantime undergone not one but several revolutionary changes in both direction and approach, the foundation on which it stands is still the same. And since the purpose of an introductory course in any science is familiarization not so much with the latest trend as with the fundamentals which render all trends—past, present, and future—comprehensible, the most useful introductory text is not necessarily the latest, but the most explicit in the presentation of those fundamentals.

In this lies the superior virtue of old texts, and the shortcoming of new ones. Being based on publishers' market-surveys rather than the requirements of their subject matter, modern texts seem to be increasingly animated by the desire to present in autumn editions what was news in spring. The paradoxical result is that —in contrast to old texts which, ignoring the moment, may retain their value for centuries—they are often out of date by the time they are published; for nothing becomes obsolete faster than the events of yesterday. But this is not their only fault. Their space crammed with the latest developments, they deprive an introductory course of its very meaning, turning analysis into description, categories into enumerations, and understanding into memorizing. Moreover, since an introductory text can hold only so much, the now so fashionable journalistic addition of "history in the making" can be accomplished only at the price of either condensing or omitting the essentials.

As long as the tenor of modern textbooks is determined by publishers trying to find where the trade winds are blowing, rather than by authors; and as long as all too many professors continue to regard as scholarly what is merely successful, and—lest criticism expose them to the wrath of professional gods—as sound what is written by authors of renown; only two ways seem open to effect a return to the sort of textbook-writing that graced the past. One is to resume the old and elegant academic tradition of using no textbook at all—offering students, as Keynes, Schumpeter, or Mitchell have done, not somebody else's interpretations but one's own. The other is to continue adopting allegedly "obsolete" texts such as Marshall's until the sales departments of publishing firms are made to realize that a textbook is neither necessarily out of date because it was written half a century ago, nor necessarily a good seller because it beats Walter Winchell to the news.

A "Classic" Analyzed

To supplement the general with the specific, let me illustrate the foregoing criticism with a detailed analysis of Paul Samuelson's introductory volume to economics, which seems to merit particular attention for a variety of reasons. In the first place, it is not only typical of bad textbook writing but also of the success a bad text can nowadays have. Secondly, though it is in its third and revised edition, its defects are still so obscured by the enthusiastic welcome accorded the first, and the disinclination of professional journals to review later editions, that they threaten to become dogmas. Thirdly, because of the absence of adverse criticism, Samuelson's text is still by far the most popular study aid of American colleges, with all the dangers such popularity may entail. And last, for the same reason, it has become a sort of classic which threatens to set the tone for future writers in a field already animated more than it should be by avidity to imitate rather than the scholar's purpose to originate.

Samuelson's virtues consist mainly in the ease and pleasantness of his style, emphasized by the glitter of occasionally misplaced Latin quotations and mathematical footnotes indicative of the author's learning, and a facile chattiness with which he seems able to arrest the student's attention. He brings the subject home to the reader and down to his level (not necessarily a compliment to the intellectual *niveau* of modern universities), as when he discusses the problems of personal finance, the cost and value of a college education, or the way in which a corporation is created ("Today, for a very small fee a lawyer will draw up the necessary papers of incorporation and will write into the charter as wide powers and purposes as you could wish." p. 82).

While all this accounts for the popularity of the text, it is also responsible for the ease with which its shortcomings have been overlooked. Were it not for the author's renown, one could hardly understand how his book managed to pass the succession of readers, reviewers and professors responsible for its publication and wide acceptance. For not only can most of its fundamental exposi-

tions be understood only by those who already know so much of economics that they are in no need of an introductory text (his discussion of demand and supply, for example, as well as numerous other elementary concepts, are utterly unintelligible to the beginning student, aside from being illogically introduced in the third instead of the first part of the book). But the text also abounds in confusing and even contradictory uses of terms, in meaningless if not erroneous phrases entered for their effect rather than their profundity, and in outright errors. The result is a book which, though hailed as a classic, is perhaps the worst constructed elementary text to appear since 1946—or surpassed in this respect only by the first and second editions of the same text, over which it shows some minor improvements. Thus, the first edition, to convey the correct pronunciation of the term *rentier*, made it rhyme with the slightly frivolous word *gay*. Since this might presumably have irked the members of the Colony Club, the second edition rhymed it with the lovely month of *May* (p. 89). The third edition finally dropped the rhyme, but also much of the reason for retaining the term in the first place.

So repetitious are the book's basic defects that only a few examples need be adduced to illustrate the over-all criticism. Though few things are more important to the novice in economics than a precise technical vocabulary, hardly a single term is defined in 734 pages of what should be an *elementary* text. By page 11 the author has thrown into the text such highly elusive terms as "institutions," "national income," "output," "saving," "investment," "fiscal policy," etc., without elucidating one of them. True, he gives them only as a *preview*, but nowhere later does he enlarge on their precise meanings. He operates, apparently, on the principle of the Berlitz School, by which meaning is supposed eventually to dawn even on the most untalented reader after a word has been used sufficiently often. By page 31 he has covered a number of intricate production concepts—this time no longer on a mere preview basis—and yet no term has been defined.

Instead of naming and stating the Law of Substitution, he writes: "Substitution is the law of life in a full-employment economy" (p. 19). On page 20, he calls the *law* of substitution the *fact* of substitution; five lines later he calls it the *law of increasing costs*, only to rechristen it the *law of extra cost* another five lines further on. Instead of defining the term "capital," he enumerates a few concepts falling under it, such as "elaborate machine equipment," "large-scale factories," etc., and mixes it unpardonably with the concept of "wealth" (p. 41). On page 43, after stating that the various uses of the term capital "are too simple to give rise to confusion," he promptly confuses the student by asserting that "It is enough to point out that the everyday term 'capital' has many different meanings," without clarifying whether he uses the term in one or all everyday meanings or, more academically, in the meanings theoretical economists have assigned to it in opposition to the uses of the day.

Generalities and Contradictions

His failure to provide definitions makes it difficult to take Samuelson to task for such broad generalities as that "In our system individual capitalists earn interest, dividends, and profits, or rents and royalties on the capital goods that they supply" (p. 43). While this may be in harmony with the everyday concepts of undifferentiating laymen, it is far removed from the definitions and classifications created in meticulous work by a succession of economic and social theorists who have seen gradations and subtleties where Samuelson sees none, and who would consider neither rents nor profits as necessarily capitalist. This does not mean that Samuelson or anyone should be required to adhere to established definitions. It is the privilege and often the very hallmark of the scholar to make his own definitions. The point is that he operates with *no* definitions, as if he were anxious not to incriminate himself.

Occasionally, when Samuelson does go to the trouble of defining, he contradicts either his illustration or his definition. The table illustrating the law of diminishing returns (p. 23) seems to indicate that a decline of the marginal output sets in with the first additional unit of the variable factor, while the textual description of the law on the same page (phrased, by the way, in a most clumsy and unintelligible language) specifically mentions that the decline sets in only after a certain point. Explaining the contradiction in a footnote, he assigns the cause of the modification to the "countertendency of increasing mass-production efficiencies"—an influence which, in the first place, relates to a different problem and, in the second place, while explaining the cost variations of mass production firms, makes it appear that the modified phrasing of the law does not apply in the case of small firms. At another point, when speaking of demand, Samuelson warns the student against the "common fallacy" of confusing a change in demand with a change in amounts demanded, a shift *of* the demand curve with shifts *within* the demand curve (p. 384). But on page 369, when he again makes one of his few and half-hearted attempts to define a concept, he himself falls into the common fallacy by speaking of a law of *diminishing* demand, thus confusing precisely what he later warns should not be confused. Demand being a schedule, the idea of diminution can in this instance refer only to quantity changes, not to demand changes. Which means there is a law of demand, but not of diminishing demand.

Though I have taken my illustrations primarily from chapters dealing with basic introductory material, I have found few pages in the rest of the book which might be considered altogether free of the shortcomings listed above. To those who know the subject and, as a result, do not read his text with the searching concern of an anxious student, his cavalier treatment may be a pleasant diversion. But on beginning students, as my classroom experience has shown, it has one of two effects. It either persuades them that they already know *everything*, or it leaves them with a feeling that they can understand *nothing*, with the result that both categories are as ignorant of economics at the end of their study as in the beginning.

It goes without saying that the above does not presume to challenge Samuelson's knowledge. Nor does it reflect on his ability to write eco-

(*Continued on p. 574*)

ARTS and MANNERS

MURRAY N. ROTHBARD

Good Guys and Bad Guys

Something is happening to the good old Western. Almost the last refuge in modern culture of a satisfying plot where heroes battle and overcome villains, it is turning "modern." The old-fashioned plot starring a hero who fought courageously and finally conquered, riding off with his heroine into the setting sun, is on the way out.

For modern fiction is modern precisely because there are no heroes and no villains; "nothing is black or white"; people aren't that way "in reality." The very concept of hero and villain sounds juvenile and archaic—as does the concept of "good guy" and "bad guy."

Culture is the expression of the guiding philosophy of the day: and our philosophy preaches that there are no "good guys" or "bad guys" because there is no such thing as good or bad. The older hero—a nineteenth-century hero as surely as the Old West expressed the nineteenth century—was good because he had a firm knowledge of the right: his moral code was based on solid principles of justice. He could be decisive because he had a firm principle on which to base a decision.

The modern protagonist—hardly a hero—faces not external but inner conflicts; his problems are dope addiction, homosexuality, and Oedipus complexes. The central figure, knowing no standards of ethics or justice, must be confused and indecisive—pulled this way and that by external forces. If the hero is a figure of the past, the heroine is still more alien to our current concepts. The pretty girl who remains chaste until she rides off with the hero in the final fadeout can only evoke scorn from the enlightened. A girl who has not had several affairs by the age of twenty is no longer a heroine, but a seriously inhibited problem in need of speedy psychotherapy.

No dogma of "art for art's sake" can disguise the fact that all art, and especially fiction, has an emotional and moral impact on the reader or viewer. Since the reader identifies himself with the fortunes of the central character, how that character is portrayed is the responsibility of the author and rests on his philosophy of life. An aimless plot about degenerate characters can only have a degrading effect on those who take it seriously, while an old-fashioned hero-conquers-villain story will have an ennobling effect. But, of course, "noble" and "degrading" are also outdated concepts, depending as they do upon an objective moral code.

At any rate, the lovers of the nineteenth-century virtues have been driven to the Western film as our last stronghold. But this too could not last, and now we have been set upon by that horrible creature: the "adult" or "psychological" Western. The fraud of the adult Western is that the scenery is the same: the horses and guns, the cattle ranches, the double-door saloon. But everything else is changed. Instead of Gary Cooper or John Wayne battling rustlers or Indians, a Son now confronts a Tyrannical Father. *Or* a Weak Son is prevented by his grasping Mother from toting a gun. *Or* a psychopathic Jimmy-Dean-type youth wails because adults do not understand him.

Instead of a clean-cut, laconic hero devoted to justice, we must now put up with a Marlon-Brando-type slob, unshaven, down at the heels, mumbling, scratching, shouting and grunting. The dialogue has also changed. In the name of "realism," the conversations of these poor Westerners could only take place at a Greenwich Village cocktail party: "the trouble is I always wanted to get away from my tyrannical father"; "all my life I've wanted to belong"; "I've found that you can't run away from your guilt."

And action has almost vanished. Instead, everyone sits around sweating, talking and worrying *about* action. While the old hero decided, and fought gun battles galore, the new one spends the whole picture wondering whether to face up to one contest. And this permits some lecturing about Community Responsibility—for when there are morals the morality must be "social" rather than individual.

With the elimination of action, the director has to pad the picture shamelessly. There is a long pause after every speech, thus lending a phony aura of "significance" to the dialogue. Inevitably, the actors in the adult Western are devotees of The Method—spawned by Stanislavsky and hatched by the old Group Theater and the Actors' Studio. The Method has wrecked acting just as other modern fashions have wrecked esthetic standards in the other arts. For grace and diction and the portrayal of a part, it substitutes the "realistic" emotions of the actor: which somehow always turn out to be mumbling, scratching, shouting and grunting.

The final defense of the Adult Western is the defense of the Paddy Chayevsky sagas of the Little Man: this is "realism." But "reality" is an infinite grab-bag, from which the artist has to select. There *are* heroes in reality, just as there are slobs; the question is: which characters will the author select, and for what purpose? In order to select, one must have some standards of selection; the cry of "realism" is no excuse for not choosing standards.

The result of an age without standards will be a degraded culture. Preach that there is no such thing as justice, that there is only "adjustment," and the war between hero and villain will give way to the struggle between Super-Ego and Id. Preach that there is no such thing as dignity and valor, and the clean-cut hero will become a slob. We reap what we have sown.

Pecuniary, Aren't We?

Against T. Veblen
We've long been reblen.
F. P. Dunne
Is lots more fun:
More thrust, less poke;
More fire, less smoke;
More truth, less hoke.

JOHN ABBOT CLARK

BOOKS IN REVIEW

Myth of Park Bench Six

FORREST DAVIS

The contemporary scene holds no more tantalizing puzzle than the myth which has developed around the name of Bernard Mannes Baruch. How did it come about that this son of Reconstruction South Carolina, with Sephardic roots in colonial New York; this elegant if idiomatic Wall Street "speculator" (as he described himself to a senatorial committee), with the look of an affably shrewd eagle; this opulent and persistent kibitzer of wartime Presidents, should become in his eighty-eighth year a household legend?

What explains the great success of the first volume of *Baruch: My Own Story* (Holt, $5.00)? This chatty rendering of Baruch's romantic boyhood memories and of how he made his first millions in company with Thomas Fortune Ryan, Charles W. (Bet-a-Million) Gates, "Diamond Jim" Brady and other turn-of-the-century Waldorf swells, has held a steady place at the crest of the *Times* and *Herald Tribune* best-seller lists from the very week of its publication last summer.

How account for the publishing splash made by the second Baruch eulogy of the year, Margaret L. Coit's *Mr. Baruch* (Houghton Mifflin, $7.50), a work which its subject first commissioned but then disowned after the author had put in five years on the mass of letters and papers at her disposal? The merits of Miss Coit's biography (like her book on John C. Calhoun, it depicts not only the life of her subject, but his times as well) justify the critical garlands it has gathered.

But why the Baruch vogue? True, he has the distinction of longevity, belonging to the honored generation that includes his friends Winston Churchill and Herbert Hoover. He is "elder"—if not, by strict construction, "statesman." Engagingly as Miss Coit portrays him, he exhibits few of the aspects that ordinarily procure fame and public esteem. Specifically a money man, Mr. Baruch has created no industrial empire. Nor has he endowed a great philanthropic trust. Never a soldier, he neither ran for nor held public office, although he did refuse, to his later regret, the Secretaryship of the Treasury in 1920. He is not known as an art patron, a yachtsman (the sea makes him sick) or a thoroughbred-fancier, except at the $100 window—though he once raced a small stable.

Neither the memoir nor Miss Coit's biography affords a satisfactory explanation of the development of a Baruch legend. The record until World War I is merely a spirited and gilded Horatio Alger story, enriched by characters such as Bernie's father, Dr. Simon Baruch, a gallant Confederate army surgeon and a pioneer of physical medicine. With that war, under the patronage of President Wilson, Baruch found his avocation, which is the practice of private economic statecraft. Under Wilson, he first advised on raw materials, out of experience gained in trading in mining and industrial equities, and then brought a firm, knowledgeable and patient hand to the chairmanship of the War Industry Board. But that is long ago and who can recall the names of the other members of that board?

That was the peak of Mr. Baruch's public career. The 1920's were lean years for a self-elected public-affairs adviser who also was known as the Democratic Party's principal "fat cat." But Baruch had discovered, as he tells us, a strong feeling for public service, somewhat rare among stock market adepts. He had also acquired a severe case of Potomac fever, a yen (which he shared with his colleague of the Wilson days, Col. E. M. House) for striding along the marble corridors of Washington, for being "in" on big political things. He became a skillful performer before congressional committees—once, rather sensationally, making hash of rumors that he had profited on White House information during certain peace maneuvers of late 1916.

A sensible, rule-of-thumb economist (Miss Coit quotes Baruch as saying of the professionals that, if they knew the answers, they'd get rich in Wall Street), he undoubtedly had a broad grasp of the national economy and how best to operate it under stress of war. He had the means to keep about him a "staff" of fact-finders and analysts. Franklin D. Roosevelt was to call him "Dr. Facts," when not dismissing him as "Professor Emeritus." A conservative who shied from the welfare statism of the New and Fair Deals, he yet remained a regular Democrat.

Politics became his golf game, but he could not bring to it the acuity that prospered him in Wall Street. Although his chosen companions at famed Hobcaw Barony on the history-drenched, indigo-and-rice Carolina Tidewater were Southern politicians and political journalists, Baruch did not manage to be for Roosevelt "before Chicago" or for Harry S. Truman when Sidney Hillman gave him the Vice Presidential nod at Chicago in 1944. This produced some subsequent strain. His aloofness from Truman's campaign for re-election brought on an ugly quarrel, which Miss Coit mutes.

Roosevelt blew hot and cold on volunteer Baruch. He did, however,

at one vexed point, ask Baruch to take over the War Production Board. The story, as related by Miss Coit, of how the incumbent, Donald Nelson, Baruch's pupil, thwarted that deal is a fascinating example of bureaucratic infighting. During the war years the ageing but vigorous Baruch was reduced for the most part to working through subordinates. It was because he was at intervals *persona non grata* at the White House that he established his observation post on Bench Six, to the rear of the equestrian Andrew Jackson in Lafayette Park, directly opposite the White House across Pennsylvania Avenue. From this vantage point he could, as he once told this reviewer, "see 'em go in and catch 'em as they leave."

It was President Truman, nudged by Baruch's fellow South Carolinian and longtime friend, James Byrnes, who again, and for the last time, placed the "Presidential adviser" at the wheel of great events. The havoc of Hiroshima, staggering mankind, moved the Liberal Establishment to a mood of surrender. A plan to fend off future employment of atomic bombardment being called for, Under Secretary of State Dean Acheson and David Lilienthal of TVA fame were designated to draft it. Their plan offered to pool the secrets with friend and foe alike and without safeguards.

Baruch, called to the rescue, put together a formula for United Nations control of raw materials and manufacture with a staged sharing of knowhow. Backing down domestic opposition, he lobbied it through the UN Atomic Commission over Soviet obstruction. It was, of course, an empty but a magnificent victory, and the day that the venerable Wall Streeter spent his eloquence at Lake Success was, without doubt, his finest hour. He had made policy on a grand scale.

There, quite inadequately, is Mr. Baruch's public record. That, and something else, has got through to the public, which sees him in his sere and yellow as a wise statesman, a crony of the great ones of this world, a generous and companionable rich man, handy with a sporting gun and a fireside noggin at Hobcaw. I suggest that the something more that fleshed out the legend was the fortuitous circumstance of Park Bench Six.

I suggest that the frequent glimpses of a handsome, amusing old gentleman, feeding peanuts to squirrels, patting the polls of urchins in Lafayette and Central Parks, endeared Baruch to the people and fed the Baruch myth. It was the incongruity, for one thing, of a multimillionaire taking his ease on a park bench. Bench Six became a symbol of Baruch's common humanity, like the shiny dimes bestowed by another ancient, John D. Rockefeller, who, as the shades lengthened, desired the esteem of his fellow men.

Two on a Lively Art

FINIS FARR

Some years ago a really great advertising man, the late William Cole Esty, was told that certain people didn't like the commercials in the Camel cigarette radio shows. "I don't give a damn whether they like them or not," said Mr. Esty, "so long as they *hear* them." He was stating a fundamental truth: advertising is an intrusive act. I do not see why this fact should be softened, and neither does Nicholas Samstag, Director of Promotion for *Time,* the Weekly Newsmagazine, who has recently issued a study of the subject called *Persuasion for Profit* (University of Oklahoma, $3.75).

Mr. Samstag practices a specialized kind of selling, which is not always identified as such—a side show, as he puts it, under the main advertising tent. He is a promotion man. Promotion men seek to circulate ideas to the benefit of their clients or the companies for which they work, and they do this without buying direct advertising. Mr. Samstag writes in fascinating detail of how these things are done at *Time.* And with engaging frankness, he tells us how he asked himself the question, in middle life and a success, if he had put in all these years at a genuinely rewarding occupation. He gives us the answer of a sensible man, and it is, "on the whole, yes." Indeed, on some pages he almost reminds the reader of Sandburg's peddler who was "terribly glad that God made fish," so he could sell them.

An idea of what is involved in a big magazine promotional project may be gained from Mr. Samstag's description of what he calls "Operation Locus." For years, he writes, the promotional side of *Time* had been worried because the magazine, national in scope as it is, could not be regarded as a hometown publication in any given area. After eight years of cogitation, it was thought that "Operation Locus" was licked at last in 1947 when *Time* put on a big show at Cleveland in collaboration with the local forum for public affairs. The magazine brought in such figures as Alcide de Gasperi, Maurice Schumann, Summer Welles, James Forrestal, General Omar Bradley and Jan Masaryk to discuss world problems. It was a tremendous success in so far as attracting attention to *Time* was concerned. But after the excitement had died down, the *Time* promoters realized that a turnout of this size could hardly be arranged for every city in the land. It was a very fine thing to be popular in Cleveland —but what of forty other towns? Mr. Samstag continued to chew away at "Operation Locus."

Four years later, the solution hit him while he was having a drink with a colleague at a bar near the *Time-Life* Building. The other man mentioned a ploy used by a Boston insurance salesman, who would ask a leading lawyer or doctor for the names of the five most promising young men in his field, and so build

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up a list of likely prospects. Instantly there flashed into Mr. Samstag's mind the idea which was eventually tooled up and put into operation as "The Hundred Young Newsmakers of Tomorrow." In this scheme, instead of bringing bigwigs from outside, the magazine finances a local chamber of commerce in selecting the hundred most promising young business and professional men in the town. This surely must be one of the best promotion stunts ever put forward for a magazine; and Mr. Samstag may be said to have made a notable contribution to the annals of his quasi-profession with this idea alone.

It should be evident, then, that in writing on sales promotion, Mr. Samstag has the indispensable asset of knowing what he is talking about. Unfortunately that cannot be said for Walter Goodman, whose *The Clowns of Commerce* (Sagamore Press, $4.95), is an incoherent attempt to put the advertising agency men and their promotional brothers in a permanent doghouse. This is not to say that all Mr. Goodman's pages lack merit. He has a hilarious account of an Orwellian "groupthink" session on Madison Avenue, and his tale of the "depth research" carried on by an advertising agency in determining the effect on the audience of a TV actor named William Lundigan is wonderfully funny. (The research showed the agency had been remarkably astute in hiring this performer.)

Certainly ad men use the same arts on their clients that they propose to use on the public in the clients' behalf. But Mr. Goodman doesn't seem to know that these clients are very tough *hombres,* with considerable acquired immunity to salesmanship. Somewhere, somebody has to show a profit; and eventually, the advertising experts must prove they had a hand in this process, or out they go. For this reason, Big Bureaucracy would furnish a humorous social critic with a hundred times the amount of absurdity that can be mined out of Big Business. But Mr. Goodman is hewing at his army of imagined dunces from the back of a Liberal hobby-horse, and he soon gets off the track. Somehow he drags in reports of a rally for Senator McCarthy and a service led by Billy Graham. Mr. Goodman disliked both: as performers, the McCarthyites were not professional enough, the Grahamites were *too* professional. What does Mr. Goodman take us for? Even an ad man selling a client doesn't expect to have it both ways.

REVIEWED IN BRIEF

THE UNPUBLISHED OPINIONS OF MR. JUSTICE BRANDEIS, by Alexander M. Bickel (Harvard, $6.00). Professor Bickel reverently sets forth, with explanatory remarks, eleven memoranda and draft opinions written by the late Justice Brandeis but never previously published. Since this procedure entails disclosure of casual private comments on pending cases by his fellow Justices, its propriety is open to serious question; but posterity is indisputably the gainer. In these pages we spy upon the Court as it formulates its opinions—much as a researcher might study the digestive processes of a dog through a plastic "window" in its stomach wall. The frequently political motives of Brandeis and his circle (including his quondam law clerk, the young Dean Acheson) are candidly, even proudly, revealed. Best of all, perhaps, by unconsciously "downgrading" the Supreme Court (from superhuman to painfully human), this book may speed the day when its vast new appetite for unabashed law-making will be curbed by an aroused nation.

W. A. RUSHER

THE AMERICAN NOVEL AND ITS TRADITION, by Richard Chase. (Doubleday Anchor, $.95). No summary can do justice to the brilliant detail of Mr. Chase's argument, but his gist, roughly, is this: whereas the European novel from Defoe and Richardson through Flaubert and Tolstoi and Verga has been concrete, and concerned with individuals in relation to particular places, societies and mores, the American novel has tended toward the abstract, and been concerned with individuals in relation to nature, with only a minimum of material or social furniture around him. It is a shrewd and wide-containing view of the most distinctive American novels from the *Leatherstocking Tales* to *Nightwood,* and I only wish Mr. Chase had added a chapter to suggest how many European novels in the past few decades (Proust's, for instance, or Virginia Woolf's *The Waves*) have, by his definition, become American. That, and perhaps, too, how an American novel like *The Pilgrim Hawk* has unobstrusively revealed the direction a coming synthesis of both European and American tendencies may take.

R. PHELPS

TACITUS: THE MAN AND HIS WORK, by Clarence W. Mendell (Yale, $6.00). The first part of this excellent book is a compendium of the results of modern scholarship concerning the life and the works of the greatest of the Roman historians. The author has overlooked a few points, but he writes with virtually exhaustive learning and exemplary judgment. The last part is a thorough study of the text tradition, in which Professor Mendell has made a discovery that will be exciting to every classical scholar, since it renders obsolete all the existing editions of the part of Tacitus' history that begins with *Annales XI.* Every reader, however, will find this the most useful single book on Tacitus thus far published.

R. P. OLIVER

THE WISE CHILDREN, by Christine Weston (Scribner's, $4.50). For this real delicacy, start with twin sisters: Fran, a divorced lush; Delia, the widowed mother of Veronica, whose first novel is just finished. Add her attractive boy friend and his more attractive father, who wants to publish the novel. Fold in one hot secret--slowly. Stir to explosion. Caution: Do not heat mixture or it will fall. *Do not heat!* Christine Weston knows how to stay coolly attentive, and so rises above more contemporary writers, whom we see rushing in with explanations (fashionably Freudian) whenever some ill-bred child is about to be improbable. But Miss Weston's wise children prompt no interruptions from her.

J. L. WEIL

To the Editor

Mr. de Toledano Replies

Mr. Bozell evades my arguments [Letters, December 7] but I see no point in further debate on the California political situation. I merely offer the following for whatever light it may throw on the merits of his case or mine:

In February 1957, the reliable Field poll showed that 43 per cent of California's voters favored Senator Knowland, 39 per cent were for his putative Democratic opponent (Mr. Brown), and 18 per cent were undecided. In November 1957, after both candidates had declared their gubernatorial intentions, the poll showed a dramatic voter switch: Knowland, 37 per cent; Brown, 52 per cent, undecided, 11 per cent.

Moral: Democrats win elections because they keep their eye on the ball. Republicans, like Trotskyite splinter groups, get their kicks from ideological purity.

Washington, D.C. RALPH DE TOLEDANO

Martyr or Murderer?

I note in "The Cold and the Hot," by Roger Becket in your November 16 issue the following: "Mr. Chessman is against capital punishment. Both have demonstrably lived lives which suffered for their beliefs. . . ." (The other is Vera Brittain.) The fact is that Mr. Chessman has not suffered for his "beliefs"; he is suffering, in that he is under sentence of death, for the commission of various heinous crimes of which he has been duly found guilty.

Stanford, Cal. LESTER O'SHEA

A Grade Teacher Objects

I have just read "Learning to Read: Child's Play" [November 30], and I must object. Both the title and the premise of the article are misleading. When a child comes to school and begins his work it is not child's play, either from his point of view or the teacher's. The healthy, normal child enjoys learning, but he does not consider it play. . . .

School, for five- and six-year-olds, is in itself a new world, completely different from home. School has a stranger in charge, and twenty or thirty other strangers all competing for a place and a voice in this new world. Nothing quite like this happens again until this child is grown, and goes into business or industry which he has prepared for, thought about and, usually, chosen. Why this entrance into school and the subsequent work is considered child's play is obscure to me. . . .

The premise of the article is that, since children are not taught to read, parents should and can teach them. This is also misleading. Nothing is said of the child who does not *learn* to read, and why; it only refers to the child who is not taught.

In my experience of nine years as an elementary school teacher, in private and public schools, in cities, towns, and now in a small village, nowhere have I worked with teachers who would not teach. I am sure the situation exists, but as the exception, not the rule. I would be reluctant to suggest a national reaction to what goes on in a few substandard schools. It would seem more to the point to enter those children in a school where they would be taught, by people whose profession it is to teach; to use the taxpayers' power to get what they are paying for in these schools.

If you still insist on teaching him yourself, go ahead. But I will do it better when it's time. That is my profession.

Shrewsbury, Mass. HELEN R. PALAIMA

Poor Readers in High School

Thanks for printing the articles on reading ["Learning to Read: Child's Play," by Isabel Paterson, November 30; "Psychology—or Poor Teaching?" by Abe Kalish, November 16]. Until the reading method is returned to systematic phonics, it is impossible to raise the standards of our high schools.

Thirty per cent of the 12,000 students in our district are failing. They cannot write a sentence. The Reading

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POPULAR ARTICLE, "Learning to Read: Child's Play," available in reprint form, 15c each, 100 for $10.00. Dept. R, National Review, 211 E. 37th St., New York 16, N.Y.

Consultant recommended that reading, just plain grade reading, be taught to all junior high school students plus hiring special teachers to teach remedial reading to students in grades seven through twelve who are so severely retarded they cannot profit from class instruction.

Of course, the failing students mentioned above do not receive "F" on their report cards. If they did something would be done.

Minneapolis, Minn. MRS. DON DAVIDSON

Mr. Kendall's Contribution

I was glad to read Mr. Buckley's column [December 7] on the recent attacks made on Professor Kendall in the *Yale Daily News*.

May I underline the obvious: not all Liberals share the point of view from which the *Yale Daily News* criticism was made? To my mind, and I think by consensus, Professor Kendall is a scholar of first-rate abilities who has already made many distinguished contributions to the discipline of Political Science. He is a most stimulating teacher and maintains a scrupulous distinction between logical analysis and policy persuasion: his introduction to M. Rossi's *Physiologie du Parti Communiste Français* being an excellent case in point. In my judgment Professor Kendall is one of the men who make Yale the great University that it is.

Minneapolis, Minn. OSCAR PEMANTLE

Sociology: No Science? Cont'd

In the November 30 issue there is an acidulous letter from Dr. Francis Fielding-Reid. He says that sociology is not a science and that those who call it so are mostly either "ignorami" or charlatans.

Nobody, I think, would wish to call Karl Pearson either an ignoramus or a charlatan. The following is a quotation from his *Grammar of Science*.

"Now this is the peculiarity of scientific method, that when once it has become a habit of mind, that mind converts *all* facts whatsoever into science. The field of science is unlimited; its material is endless, every group of natural phenomena, every phase of social life, every stage of past or present development is material for science. *The unity of all science consists alone in its method, not in its material.* The man who classifies facts of any kind whatever, who sees their mutual relation and describes their sequences, is applying the scientific method and is a man of science."

La Crescenta, Cal. KATE GORDON MOORE

Liberals on the Spot

Ralph de Toledano's article, "The Context of Liberalism" [November 9], was superb! I cannot help but wonder how many Liberals would undertake to write an *apologia pro vita sua*.

Long Island City, N.Y. DR. S. J. BAUDO

Segregated Income Tax

We dispatched the following telegram on December 5 to the National Council of Churches assembled in St. Louis:

"Your position regarding all forms of discrimination against minority groups is well known.

"Because of your vocation, we recognize that this stand is based upon theological fundamentals.

"Therefore, we know we can count on your support in petitioning the Congress of the United States to relieve the productive minority of our neighbors and citizens of the discriminatory and confiscatory burdens of the federal income surtax rates.

"Every citizen has a right to just and equal treatment by his government."

Beloit, Wis. R. S. WASHBURN

HOW NOT TO WRITE ON ECONOMICS

(*Continued from p. 568*)

nomics in the somewhat heavy patois of mathematicians rather than the more graceful language of the classics. Nor does it contest the value of his scholarly papers, or his accomplishments in the important tool-science of mathematical economics, which is to conceptual economics what bricklaying is to architecture. It disputes him only as an author of an elementary text. In this capacity he has demonstrated either the inability or the unwillingness of many another modern textbook author to employ the kind of disciplined prose which is necessary both to convey a precise picture to undergraduates, and to turn laymen into scholars rather than smart alecs.

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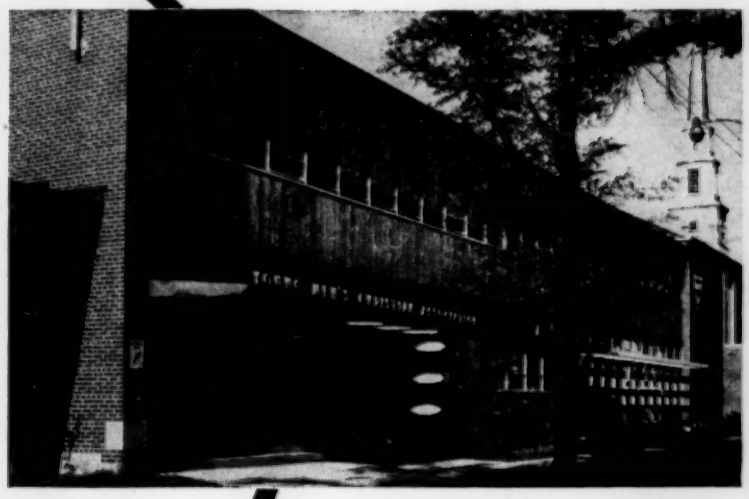

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